

HV
3004
R724d
1919

HV 3004 R724d 1919

03020490R



NLM 05020838 1

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

2/26/21
SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE
LIBRARY.

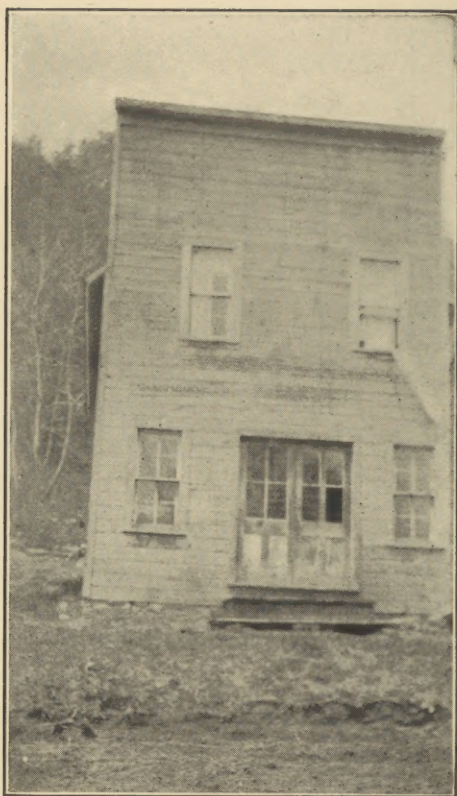
Section -----

No. 113,
W. D. S. G. O.

No. -----

239891

8-513



THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE COUNTERFEITERS
OLD ROB JINCADE'S GENERAL STORE

DWELLERS IN THE VALE OF SIDDEM

*A True Story of the Social
Aspect of Feeble-Mindedness*

BY

A. C. ROGERS

*Late Superintendent of the Minnesota School for
Feeble-Minded, and Colony for Epileptics*

AND

MAUD A. MERRILL

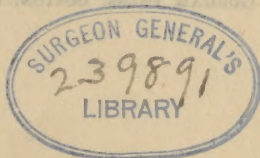
*Research Assistant in the Department of Research of
the Minnesota School for Feeble-Minded and
Colony for Epileptics*



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS



Copyright, 1919, by Richard G. Badger

All Rights Reserved

HV

3004

R724d

1919

MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

PREFACE

The story of the Dwellers in the Vale of Siddem is a study in feeble-mindedness in one of its various aspects. It was written in fulfillment of a plan of the authors to publish in story form the family history studies made at the Minnesota School for the Feeble-Minded with a view to portraying the conditions just as they have been found in the investigation of the homes of the institution children. It was Dr. Rogers' purpose to add his own commentaries and conclusions drawn from the wealth of his experience acquired during his thirty-three years of work with the feeble-minded.

The death of Dr. Rogers in January, 1917, when the work on the stories was but started, made it impossible to carry out the plan as at first outlined. It was his wish that I complete the work in accordance with the original plan. In its conception, the whole idea and purpose of the study are Dr. Rogers. In partial fulfillment of that plan I am publishing the present story which is one of a series of studies of feeble-mindedness which will appear later.

The authors' grateful acknowledgments are due to Miss Saidee C. Devitt whose work in the collection of the data for the study made the work possible, also to Miss Marie T. Curial, fieldworker, and to Dr. F. Kuhlmann whose constant help and encouragement have been invaluable.

MAUD A. MERRILL.

May, 1918.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introduction	9
Dwellers in the Vale of Siddem.....	19
Yaks	23
Coreys	26
Tams	30
Descendants of Lige Yak.....	34
Jim Yak	40
Descendants of Kate Yak.....	42
Chads	43
Descendants of Jo Yak and Lou Chad.....	48
The Household of the Glades.....	50
Little Tommy	61
The Counterfeiters	68
The Doctor's Story.....	72
The Cost	76

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Rendezvous of the Counterfeiters, Old Job Jincade's General Store.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	TO FACE PAGE
Entrance to One of the Caves of the Region..	20
The Last of Smoky Row	22
The Home of Belle Marie and Old Ben.....	36
The Ruins of the Old Log Cabin that Sheltered the Household of the Glades.....	52
The Home of Beck, the Mulatto	58
Old Moose Silver's Cabin	62
The Home of the Rats	66

INTRODUCTION

In 1911 were begun, at the Minnesota School for the Feeble-Minded and Colony for Epileptics, studies of the family histories of the inmates of the institution. The story of the "Dwellers in the Vale of Siddem" is a description of the conditions that were found in one section of the state where for several generations the descendants of a few families had lived and continued to intermarry. Starting with the case study of a child in the institution, all living relatives in the state are visited and interviewed, and such people who know the family, doctors, lawyers and officials, as are able to give information about them. These studies revealed an appalling amount of mental deficiency in particular districts of the state. Further investigations revealed the family connection of several children in the institution who were not known to be related. They were from a certain valley, where in one county we found such numbers of feeble-minded and degenerate people that we have selected that section for special investigation.

The data have been recorded as received from each member of the family who has been interviewed together with all additional information that could be gathered from people who knew the families. We have thus the testimony of a number of people in regard to each individual studied. These actual

facts tell the story. In the making of the charts and where it has been necessary to express a judgment, we have classified a person as feeble-minded according to these criteria :

1. "One who is capable of earning a living under favorable circumstances, but is incapable, from mental defect existing from birth or from an early age, (a) of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows; or (b) of managing himself and his affairs with ordinary prudence."¹

2. (In so far as practicable we have used the tests of intelligence to measure mentality). "An otherwise feeble-minded person passing the social test"² (that is possessing the ability to maintain existence independent of external support) and "A person with a mental retardation less than that of feeble-mindedness but failing in the social test."³

We mean, then, by the mentally deficient or feeble-minded, those people whose mentality has never reached the normal level, whose development has been progressively retarded or whose approximately normal rate of development has been arrested at some point prior to the attainment of mental maturity. The evolution of the mental faculties seems to be complete about the age of puberty, sometime be-

1. Definition suggested by the Royal College of Physicians and adopted by the Royal Commission appointed by the English Government in 1904 to investigate the conditions of feeble-mindedness in the British Isles.

2. "What Constitutes Feeble-mindedness." F. Kuhlmann, *Jour. Psych.—As.* XIX—4.

3. *Ibid.*

tween the fifteenth and twentieth year. If the rate of development has been so much slower than the normal rate as to incapacitate the individual for normal functioning in his environment or if his normal rate of development has been arrested before mental maturity, we called the resulting condition feeble-mindedness.

And there are people, who though they seem to have all the intellectual faculties properly developed, yet lack self control; they have no power of inhibition; they have no will power; and we have been designating them, for lack of a better term, "moral defectives." They are the "feebly inhibited" of Davenport's later classification. And among these dwellers in the Vale of Siddem are many whom one must classify as moral defectives.

Or "if the recognition of the condition" (feeble-mindedness) "has come as a result of some overt act of the individual, the latter would be known as a defective delinquent."

From the standpoint of eugenic consideration the existence of such communities as the Vale of Siddem makes our present attempts to care for the feeble-minded quite idle. The sources of the apparently inexhaustible supply of mental defectives remain unaffected. It is like trying to stamp out malaria or yellow fever in the neighborhood of a mosquito breeding swamp.

That feeble-mindedness is hereditary is no longer open to question. In 65 per cent. of our own cases

it is directly traceable to hereditary causes. The percentage is probably even higher were all the data available. Goddard finds 65 per cent. of his cases directly traceable to heredity. Tredgold gives 64.5 per cent. traceable to neuropathic stock. Dr. Lapage found that 48.4 per cent. of feeble-minded children in the Manchester public schools had a neuropathic inheritance, and states that were all details available this percentage would undoubtedly be higher. Other ratios as high as 75 per cent. have been found in some investigations. There remains yet to be determined, however, the *modus operandi* of this inheritance. Several investigators, notably Davenport and Goddard, have concluded from their data that feeble-mindedness follows the course of the Mendelian law.

Mendel's law applies to what he called "unit characteristics." Unit characteristics are such single contrasting traits as, for instance, tallness or dwarfness in the pea, or in human beings such traits as hair and eye color. If the Mendelian formula can be applied to human inheritance and if we assume that feeble-mindedness is a recessive trait due to the absence of a determiner for normality in the germ plasm, then the following possible combinations would result:

Feeble-minded parents would have only feeble-minded children.

A normal parent and a feeble-minded parent would have only normal children all of whom would

be capable of transmitting feeble-mindedness to their offspring.

In the case of a normal parent capable of transmitting feeble-mindedness and a feeble-minded parent, half of the children would be feeble-minded and half normal but capable of transmitting feeble-mindedness.

Normal parents capable of transmitting feeble-mindedness would have both feeble-minded and normal children in the ratio of one of the former to three of the latter. Two out of three of the normal children being capable of transmitting feeble-mindedness.

In the case of normal parents one of whom is capable of transmitting feeble-mindedness all of the children would be normal but half of them capable of transmitting feeble-mindedness.

Normal parents would have only normal children.

The small number of offspring in the human family and the consequent limitation of the various possible combinations that might occur, makes it very difficult to apply this law of Mendel's, which is a law of averages, to the human family at all. And then, too, it seems improbable that so complicated a thing as general intelligence can be considered a unit character. Our definition of feeble-mindedness is a shifting one. A few years ago we did not recognize the high grade moron⁴ as feeble-minded. And as Dr.

4. "Moron" is a term adopted by the Amer. Assoc. for the Study of the Feeble-minded in 1910. It was originally suggested by Dr. Goddard and is from the Greek meaning literally, lacking

Terman says,⁵ "To regard feeble intelligence as always a disease, which, like smallpox, one either does or does not have, is a view which is contradicted by all we know about the distribution of mental traits.

. . . It becomes merely a question of the amount of intelligence necessary to enable one to get along tolerably with his fellows and to keep somewhere in sight of them in the thousand and one kinds of competition in which success depends upon mental ability.

. . . It is possible that the development of civilization, with its inevitable increase in the complexity of social and industrial life, will raise the standard of mental normality higher still."

In our efforts to determine the biological causes of that social inefficiency which we call variously degeneracy, criminality and mental deficiency, we have made it our own first task to discover the sources and habitat of these conditions. We are seeking the facts of race development that we may be able, if possible, to prevent some of this appalling waste of human energy. It is not the idiot or, to any great extent, the

in judgment and common sense. It denotes a grade of intelligence just less than normal. When expressed as a ratio between age and mental age, the moron grade of intelligence is that range between 50 and 75 per cent. From 25 to 50 per cent. constitutes the imbecile grade and from 0 to 25 per cent. the idiot grade. This percentage expresses mental development as a constant ratio between the development of the individual and the normal rate. For example if a twelve year child has a mental age of six years, he has attained only fifty per cent. of what an average twelve year old should have attained. The intelligence quotient, as this ratio is called, indicates what Dr. Kuhlmann has called the child's "capacity for development."

5. Terman, L. M. The Standard Revision of the Binet-Simon Scale, Educ. Psych. Mon. No. 18.

lowgrade imbecile, who is dangerous to society. In his own deplorable condition and its customarily accompanying stigmata, he is sufficiently anti-social to protect both himself and society from the results of that condition. But from the high grade feeble-minded, the morons, are recruited the ne'er-do-wells, who lacking the initiative and stick-to-it-iveness of energy and ambition, drift from failure to failure, spending a winter in the poor house, moving from shack to hovel and succeeding only in the reproduction of ill-nurtured, ill-kempt gutter brats to carry on the family traditions of dirt, disease and degeneracy. Such communities as the Vale of Siddem bear eloquent testimony to the futility of trying to cope with such social inefficiency from the standpoint of the criminologist of holding the individual responsible for his misdeeds when he is fundamentally irresponsible, or from the point of view of the philanthropist improving his condition and helping him to help himself when he is fundamentally incapable of self help. A laissez faire policy simply allows the social sore to spread. And a quassi laissez faire policy wherein we allow the defective to commit crime and then interfere and imprison him, wherein we grant the defective the personal liberty to do as he pleases until he pleases to descend to a plane of living below the animal level and try to care for the few of his descendants who are so helpless that they can no longer exercise that personal liberty to do as they please—such a policy produces such communities as the Vale of Siddem.

DWELLERS IN THE VALE OF SIDDEM

DWELLERS IN THE VALE OF SIDDEM

"All the wicked people
In the Vale of Siddem
Thought of things they shouldn't do
And then they went and did 'em."

ONE day when we were looking for the great uncles and aunts and cousins and forty-second cousins of a very small boy in our institution, we came quite unexpectedly upon the Vale of Siddem. The things the people in that valley could think of that they shouldn't do are equalled only by the things they couldn't think of that they should do. And this is because so many of them have minds that are so curiously twisted that we call them insane, or are so lacking in judgment and sense that we call them feeble-minded, or because they and their fathers before them, have for so long lived in degradation utterly heedless of moral values and of self help, that they seem to have lost the power to live decently, and we call them delinquents and degenerates. Among the worst of their "sins of commission" is marriage and inter-marriage and marriage again. And their children are legion among whom, the traditions of the family are not lost.

In the valley of the Mississippi, a river which is one of its tributaries, flows through a land whose

wild rugged beauty of wooded hills and rocky ravines makes it a place fit for the gods but which is inhabited instead by "grandchildren of the devil." Thickly wooded valleys harboring mysterious caves, open into still other wooded valleys, sometimes the water course of a little stream tumbling riotously along to join the river. Or a little ravine may end abruptly, its rocky tree grown sides well nigh inaccessible. The caves of the region have taken on a sinister aspect; the dark little ravines have grown forbidding; the shadowy forks leading from the river valley seem menacing; the region has acquired an unsavory fame in all the surrounding country.

And the dwellers in this Vale of Siddem are known to the surrounding country folk variously as "timber rats" and "bark eaters." The ravine is luridly known as "Dry Run," "Hog Hollow," or "Hell Hole," and the old settlers in the county will tell you how, in the early days, a group of squatters were driven out of New York State for fraudulently settling on Indian lands. These people started west, after a general fracas with the government officials when they threatened to blow up the court house in revenge for being driven off from the Indian land. The dwellers in the hollow are their descendants. The families have intermarried and their children and their children's children have for generations lived in little shacks and dugouts in the ravine.

Twenty years ago if a fugitive horse thief could reach this region and hide in some cave or wooded



ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE CAVES OF THE REGION

gulch of the valley, he was safe from pursuit. Even if the sheriff had the hardihood to follow him into the ravine "the man was dead who'd seen him." Some nuggets of gold were found near the river bed and more families moved into the valley. The gold was never found in paying quantities and a gaunt row of abandoned shacks known as "Smoky Row," marks the flurry. A murder was committed; horse thieves were traced to the mouth of the ravine and the earth swallowed them; counterfeit money was circulated; and finally one of the dwellers in the Vale was convicted. The hollow was the scene of continual feuds and quarrels. But if one of these folk had a quarrel with an outsider not a man, woman or child in the hollow could be found who knew anything about it. And for years no one interfered.

Of late years as the timber has been cleared, the conditions in the hollow have somewhat improved. A church was built, but that was torn down by the inhabitants after the religious fervor of their revival subsided. The children still carry open knives to school; every little while someone gets slashed in an argument and the doctor is called. Dances in the hollow are associated with drunken brawls and the social ideals of the community may be measured by their surroundings.

Among these people, we have found some of the ancestors of our institution children. The stories of several families interwoven by marriage, show with striking vividness that these folk seek their own kind

and that whether they live in the secluded fastnesses of the ravine or move to the city or to the fertile farm lands of the state their condition varies but little and exceptions are notable. They are still persistent dwellers in the Vale of Siddem.



THE LAST OF SMOKY ROW

YAKS

IN 1855 the Yaks, journeying West from New York, with the rest of the crowd who were driven off from the Indian lands, drifted at length to the ravine and most of their descendants have lived in the hollow or in the neighborhood ever since. There were eight of them originally; two of the brothers died under thirty years of age and left no progeny; the other six, three brothers and three sisters have intermarried with the descendants of other squatters, all people of the ravine, until there exists a veritable network of interrelationships. The topographical isolation of these people has given rise to a curious social life. Many of them are defectives and more of them are simply incapable, and they are the descendants of others who in similar conditions have been likewise incapable. To quote Dr. Jordan, "in a world of work where clear vision and a clear conscience are necessary to life they find themselves without sense of justice, without a capacity of mind, without a desire for action." So close are the ramifications of these clans that, in spite of the continual quarrels, feuds and bickerings among themselves, there is a tribal solidarity that defies justice and the interference of the advocates of decency and order.

In the study of the Yaks 641 individuals are included. Of this number 53 feeble-minded, 24 insane,

10 epileptics, 44 grossly immoral and 39 habitual alcoholics include the direct descendants and consorts of the six Yaks, who originally settled in the ravine.

There were Tildy, Lige, Kate, Jo, Delia and Jim.¹ Tildy Yak married a Corey and left the ravine. A daughter of Tildy's married one of the Tams; in this family the prevalence of insanity and epilepsy is particularly striking. Of the 79 descendants of Tildy 10 were insane, 15 feeble-minded and 8 epileptic. The direct descendants of Jim numbered only 8 among whom, is one insane person. Lige and Kate married into the Sadhun family of the ravine. Their descendants number 110 of whom 11 are feeble-minded and 2 are insane. This branch of the family remained in the hollow and added materially to its burden of misery. Their moral standards, their petty thievery, neglect of decency, carelessness and vindictiveness stamp them, even where they are not mentally deficient, as the gravest sort of social menace. Both Jo and Delia Yak married representatives of the Chad clan. Degeneracy is the outstanding characteristic of this group. Their 205 descendants include 14 feeble-minded, 6 convicted criminals and 17 who were flagrantly immoral.

In these people of the hollow is "humanity stripped of its adventitious social trappings." Exposed by the candid hand of Gorky, these "ugly cancers of the

1. It is understood, of course, that all names used throughout the story are purely fictitious.

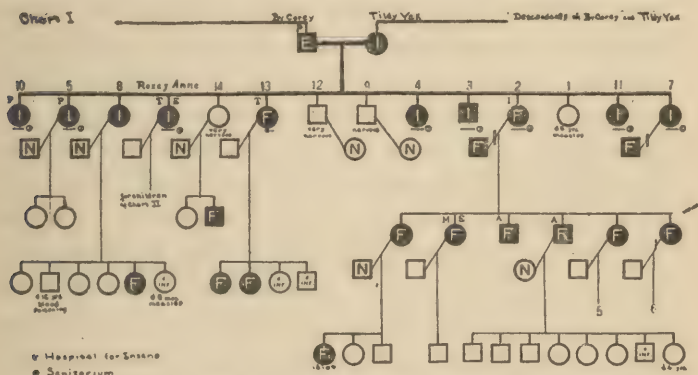
social system" would not alone "shame the devil" but outrage the community. The complacent Americanism of us who regard with such patriotic superiority the evils of London slums and the pauperism and organized vice of an *éféte* old world civilization! The commonwealth of Minnesota, young and vigorous, harbors already such nests of social incompetents, degenerates, defectives and criminals as existed in the Juke's ancestral mountain fastnesses. Mental deficiency is indigenous to the same soil that produces criminality, sex laxity, alcoholism and pauperism. Whatever the relation of cause and effect in the matter, the sociological evidence is indisputable.

COREYS

Descendants of Tildy

IN the days when a horse thief could lose himself suddenly and completely in the hollow, the Coreys lived and prospered in its wooded defiles. Where By Corey came from originally no one knows, but his wife, Tildy Yak, came from New York State at the time the squatters were driven off from the Indian lands. By was a queer old fellow. Legend concedes him insane streaks and the gossips call them "Corey spells." To hang a cow bell round his neck and run up and down the street to annoy his neighbors when the spell was on him, to steal chickens and run them up and down the streets to hear them cackle—these were "Corey spells." By Corey and Tildy were a common sight on the street corner of the nearest village, each with a chicken secured by the leg with a string, and By would swing his about his head shouting "I'm crazy, crazy, crazy"—"And gosh darned if he wasn't right," affirmed old Caleb Sadhun, my informant. "We could a told that anyhow." The story goes that when he was drafted for the Civil War he played on the popular notion that he was crazy to avoid military service. Whenever his regiment was off duty he would take a string out of his pocket, tie it to the end of a stick and sit

around wherever he happened to be diligently pretending to fish. The officers and doctor would come by, look at him and shake their heads. Finally he was told he had better go home. By lost no time; his curt comment to the soldiers, "Boys that was what I



EXPLANATION OF CHARTS

The squares indicate males and the circles females. A horizontal or oblique line joining a square and a circle indicates a marriage if a solid line, and illicit sexual relations, if it is a broken line. A perpendicular line dropped from a line joining a square and a circle indicates descent. Small solid black circles indicate still births or miscarriages. A line under a symbol indicates institutional care. The hand indicates patient in the institution from which the study was made. The letter N in a square or circle indicates the person is known to be normal. F means feeble-minded; Sx. sexually immoral; A alcoholic; T tuberculous; D deaf; I insane (with a small s beside it senile dementia); C criminalistic; P paralyzed; M migrainous; S syphilitic; W wanderer; and d. inf. died in infancy. A short perpendicular line through a line indicating marriage signifies separation; two short perpendicular lines divorce.

was fishing for"—attested a degree of cunning. After his return from "the war," By developed epilepsy. His last years were spent in a Soldiers' Home where he died at the age of eighty years of paralysis.

The sons and daughters of By Corey were fourteen in number. Of these nine were insane, seven having been cared for in hospitals and asylums, and one was feeble-minded. None of these children has remained in the ravine. One of them married a feeble-minded man from the hollow and remained in the neighborhood until she was sent to an insane asylum. All but two of these children married. Of the consorts two were feeble-minded, four are known to have been normal, one of the others is presumably normal and the mental status of the rest is unknown. Of the thirty-four grandchildren one is insane, one epileptic, ten are feeble-minded, five died in infancy, two are known to be normal, and the mental status of the rest is unknown. Among the thirty-nine great grandchildren are two feeble-minded and eight who died in infancy.

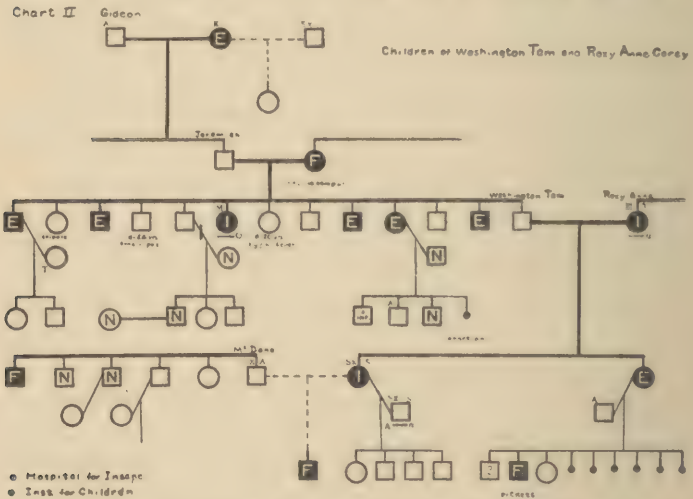
The principal occupation represented in this group is farming; there is, however, one insurance manager, one photographer, one bookbinder and one teacher, who became insane. These people are scattered from Minnesota to California and their economic status varies from indigence to the moderate prosperity of the middle class tradesman. The poorest home was that of the insane women who married her feeble-minded cousin from the hollow. She was

cared for in an asylum and there were no children. The best home is that of the woman who married a normal business man of moderate means. This woman developed insanity. One of her children is feeble-minded, and one is a university graduate.

And these are the Coreys who came from "Hog Holler at the Crossroads."

TAMS

THE oldest daughter of old By Corey, who lived at the Cross Roads in Hog Hollow, was Roxy Anne. Roxy Anne was ambitious; she attended school and assayed to teach. But her teaching and the sewing, which she took up and the marriage with Washington Tam, which later engaged her attention, were interrupted by her sojourns at the hospital for the insane, whither her spells of mania depres-



sive insanity carried her. Roxy Anne developed epilepsy in middle life and her last years were spent in an asylum for the insane where the last phase of her trouble was a religious mania.

The oldest daughter of Roxy Anne and Washington Tam is an erratic votary of the muse of science and has studied the family, as she says, with a mind attuned to the "symphony, precision, and rhetorical analogy of psychology." Her garishly furnished mind harbors a motley throng of ideas. A paranoiac exultation of personality and a certain Malapropish use of polysyllabic words make the daughter's account of her family and connections grotesquely vivid in the light of her psychopathic heredity. Her father, Washington Tam, though a day laborer, it seems was an averted philosopher. A man "as tranquil as the deep sea, he was never excited except over vital issues;" he was a "square peg in a round hole." This daughter brought her illegitimate son, who began life as "an unusually brilliant and precocious child," to the school for the feeble-minded because at four years of age "a nervous hunger set in which caused him to lose his power of speech—aphasia." Her scientific study of him revealed to her "that things denied him made him resentful and apparently left a vacuum, filled with aimless occupations." We have found it so!

This psychological daughter was one of two children. When a young girl, "young and foolish" as she loftily explains, she had an illegitimate child by a man of good family whose parents objected to his marriage with the daughter of Roxy Anne. This child, an idiot, is the one she brought to the institution with a note-book full of psychological observa-

tions on his early precocity. McDane, the father of the child, was excessively alcoholic at the time of his conception. McDane and his feeble-minded brother were the unruly members of a well regulated family. The paternal McDanes belong in the class of "respectable married people with umbrellas" of Stevenson's category. McDane and Sons appeared at the store on Monday as religiously as they went to church on Sunday. Father was mayor of the town, his armour of middle class respectability pierced only at one point, the notorious conduct of these two sons. But Roxy Anne's daughter married another man,—like the Kallikak woman, she didn't object to the marriage ceremony when it was attended to for her,—and by her husband she has four children. These children are not mentally defective and show as yet no mental abnormalities though all are extremely nervous. The oldest is only seven. The father of these children is very alcoholic and syphilitic.

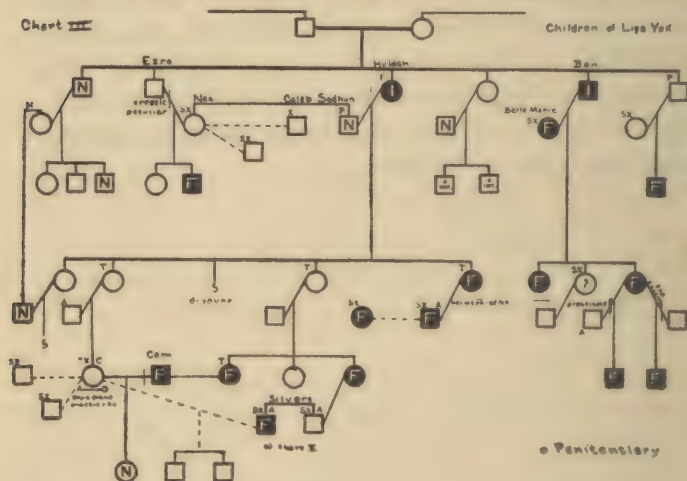
The other daughter of Roxy Anne and Washington Tam is an epileptic, like her mother. Her husband is alcoholic. Of her five children the youngest has not developed normally.

Washington Tam was one of thirteen children of whom five were epileptic and one was insane. Only three of his brothers and sisters married and of the nine offspring, two are normal. One of these normal grandchildren of the Tams married a normal woman.

Old Jeremiah Tam, who was the father of Washington and his brother-hood, came to Minnesota from Ohio in the days when land was very cheap and was able to stock a farm, from which he succeeded in making a poor living for his wife and thirteen children. The wife was a woman who ruled her children by fear, caprice, and a birch rod. Both husband and children suffered under her insane temper. And the parents of Jeremiah, the grandparents of Washington Tam, were a notorious pair. Old Gideon was a great drunkard and his wife who had been crippled by a fall in her youth was an epileptic. She had had an illegitimate daughter before her marriage to Gideon. There were seven epileptics among the descendants of this pair.

DESCENDANTS OF LIGE YAK

TO Lige Yak and his wife Leda were born six children. In the sunless gulch, which was their home a gaunt shack, one of the old "smoky row," still bears testimony to Lige's short lived interest in the "gold diggings" of 1855. Lige was never ambitious. His laziness was proverbial. A stranger drove up before the shack that passed for a general store and inquired of the solitary loungee for Lige



Yak. "He-e don't live here no more," he drawled.

"Moved, has he?"

"Ya-as he's moved, he's dead."

Lige's son Ben still lives in the hollow. In the

neighborhood, Ben is known as the "Old bear," for he lives all alone in a little dingy shanty to go near which is the dare of the boldest passing school children, for the demented old man growls at them in much the fashion of his namesake. But old Ben is shrewd; he never commits himself about affairs in the ravine. He boasts of chicken stealing for a living but other things he cunningly forgets.

Before Belle Marie died it had been the custom of this deluded pair to engage their days in the pursuit of happiness by way of cards. While the one had lost his mind, the other had never had much of any to lose; Belle Marie was an "almost." And the two would sit day in and day out in their barren shack, shuffling the same grimy old deck and dealing the cards on an upturned dry goods box that served for table, till their numbed fingers and the gauntness of hunger at last aroused their dull consciousness to a sense of too insistent realities. Thus spurred they would get up shivering, go to a neighbor to beg or "borrow" enough flour to "make up a bit of something," drag in a little fire wood to mend their dying fire and then return to their interminable game. The children of old Ben and Belle Marie were three daughters. Ellie was an "almost" like her mother. She was twice married, deserted by her first husband and divorced by her second. To each she bore a feeble-minded son. Nell was brighter than her sister, but as the New Englander says, "not over an' above bright herself." She was deserted by her husband.

a second cousin. Nell has thirteen descendants whose history has not been fully traced. The third daughter, Lillie, was a woman of the streets. She married, also, and has had four children.

Belle Marie had been the Widow Bun before her marriage to old Ben. Now Bun was a white man but Belle Marie's children were both white and black. When Belle Marie died she was buried with much pomp and ceremony dear to the heart of her bereaved family, and at the funeral her negro children rode in one carriage and her white children in another.

The second child of Lige Yak was a daughter who married a man of average intelligence and has no living children. This woman was very nervous but never became unbalanced.

Two sons of Lige, John and Jesse, married, both consorts being women from the ravine, and their homes were ordinarily decent but without the amenities of education.

Huldah, the fifth child of Lige, married Caleb Sadhun of a family which had been brought up with the traditions of the place and its customs. The Sadhuns were among the earliest settlers in the hollow. But Caleb is a man of normal intelligence. A man without education, lacking the initiative to change his ancestral condition, he has yet an innate fineness of nature quite foreign to the native stock of the hollow. He is now an old man past eighty and he tells with the detached view of old age of the people of



THE HOME OF BELLE MARIE AND OLD BEN

the hollow and their ways. A gentle, white haired, old man, he sits most of the day in his old arm chair at the sunny window of his little cottage on the outskirts of the ravine and will tell you, if you ask him, with rather keen insight and no malice about the folk of the hollow and of the early days. Huldah, his pitiable little wife, has been for years harmlessly insane. She will finger you with the curious eagerness of a child and will ramble on aimlessly following a thread of conversation of which she has caught a snatch as you talk with Caleb. And Caleb is altogether gentle with her and forbearing.

There were nine children of Caleb and Huldah. Four daughters lived to grow up and each married a man of the ravine. One of them was feeble-minded and never developed normally physically. Her husband, also, was feeble-minded and a miserable reprobate, alcoholic, sexually immoral and abusive. This daughter died shortly after her marriage. Another of Caleb's daughters had a daughter who was mentally normal but vicious. She was a thief, was alcoholic and a drug addict and a degenerate. This girl, married to a feeble-minded man of her mother's choosing, left her husband to live with another of the same kind. Then left the second for a third, and when partially under the influence of the drug to which she had become addicted, robbed him, was convicted and sentenced for six years. Paroled, she stole money from a sister of her original husband with whom she had encamped on leaving the peniten-

tiary. She has now left the state. Another daughter of Caleb's has a daughter who married a member of the notorious Silver Family. Their noisy quarrels and midnight brawls often result in knife wounds, for the ancestral Silvers were Indians accustomed so to settle their arguments. Then the long suffering doctor is called; some one meets him with a lantern and he is led back into the woods to the shack where he sews up the wounds and is again lighted back to the road. And still another of Caleb's daughters married one of the Hanks. The cousins of her children are mulattoes.

The other Sadhun-Yak marriage was that of Ezra Yak and Nan of the Sadhuns. Poor old Ezra's only companions are his horses and a feeble-minded cousin, Bill Sadhun, with whom he keeps house alone on his little farm. Bill, he salvaged from a dugout on the hillside beyond the stable lean-to built against the side of the ravine and covering the entrance to Bill's dugout. Ezra's horses are the more companionable and he is a great talker. His wife, Nan, "never did stay by" him much. "You jes' never knew when you had her." She liked to go off with other men but after a month or two would ask to be forgiven and allowed to come back, and Ezra was "glad to get her back as she took good care of the house and was a good cook—good as could be when you had her, but you jes' couldn't keep her." Ezra is a sort of a philosopher of the soil in his own queer way. These descendants of Lige Yak are the aris-

tocrats of the family. Ezra's son and heir, according to his father's testimony, is not much of a student. He didn't go far in school, but never-the-less can "read fair, write pretty fair, and figger some!"

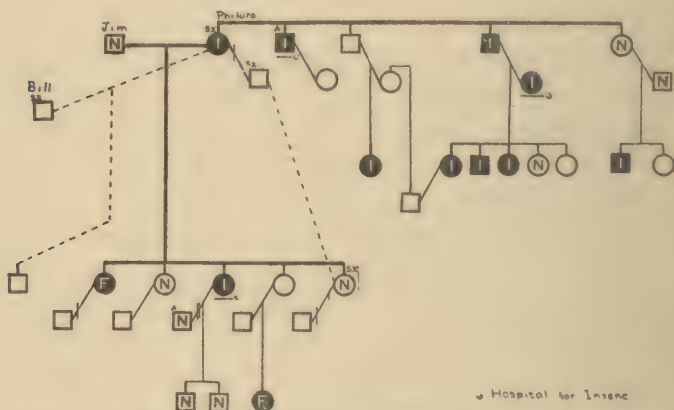
JIM YAK

JIM YAK married a woman of the hollow, one of the Barts. In the Bart family the prevalence of insanity is appalling! Jim's wife was one of five brothers and sisters, three of whom were insane. Of the fourteen descendants of these five Barts, seven are either feeble-minded or insane.

When the Civil War broke out Jim enlisted but never returned. His wife thereupon married and

Chart IV

Jim Yak



went down South to live with her new husband. But Bill, her brother-in-law, wanted her, so after the death of Bill's wife, he went down South to get Philura. Philura deserted her second husband as soon as she found out Bill wanted her and together

they returned North to the ravine. This time Philura didn't trouble about the marriage ceremony as that would involve the formality of obtaining a divorce from husband number two. Philura, like two of her brothers, was mentally unbalanced at times. The insanity of the Barts took the form of harmless peculiarities or mild melancholia. For days sometimes, Philura would stay shut up in the house and would speak to no one.

Philura's children numbered six. Five of these children are Yaks, daughters of Jim and the sixth is the son of Bill, the brother-in-law. The feeble-minded daughter, Lib, has been married but has had no children. The daughter who became insane married a normal man by whom she had two normal sons. The other three daughters were bright women. One married another of the Yaks, a second married a Chad, who is a descendant of Delia Yak and Jake Chad, and a third, finding the society of her stepfather more congenial than her mother had found it, left her own husband to live with her mother's deserted second husband.

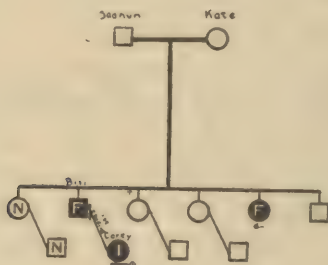
The family solidarity of these people is truly remarkable. Such marked preference for their own people is seldom met with! The man "marries his deceased wife's sister" happily ignorant of Carlyle's jeremiades; the daughter consoles her mother's discarded second husband; and other daughters marry men of the same name or remotely connected.

DESCENDANTS OF KATE YAK

THERE were six children of Kate Yak and another of the Sadhuns of the hollow. Four died, only one of them leaving any descendants. A fifth, the feeble-minded companion of Ezra, the son of Lige, married a Corey who was the insane daughter of

Chart V

Kate Yak



● Hospital for Insane

Tildy Yak and By Corey. There were no children. The sixth was Vina Sadhun who married a brother of the deserted second husband of Philura Yak.

The descendants of Kate have not been traced further.

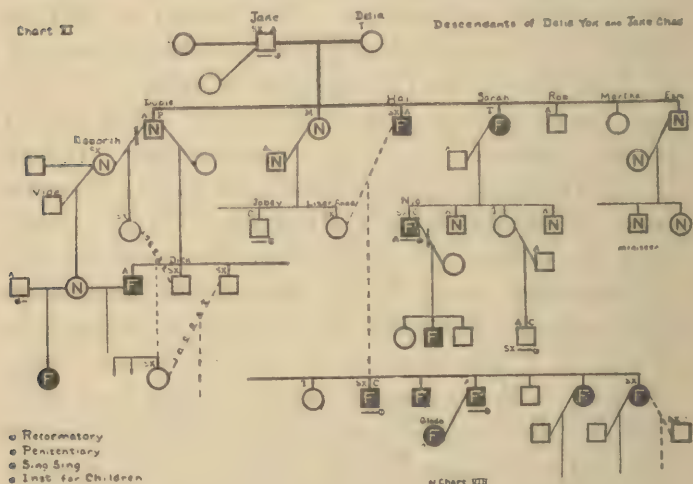
CHADS—DESCENDANTS OF DELIA

THE tribe of Chads, who are the descendants of Delia Yak and Jake Chad are scattered from the hollow, North as far as counties bordering on Canada and in their wake they have left a trail of criminals, paupers, and degenerates who will patronize our county jails, poor houses and houses of prostitution for several generations.

Jake himself was the Don Juan of the hollow, and a sordid tale it is, of this sorry old reprobate and his miserable adventures. The legend is that he had a wife in every town in which he had sojourned. And certain it is that his progeny is legion. He was married by process of law three times. Jake was by trade a plasterer, by choice a counterfeiter. Indeed before coming to dwell in the ravine he had served a term in Sing Sing for counterfeiting. While a dweller in the hollow Jake became involved with the Jincades in other counterfeiting schemes and escaped apprehension for his misdeeds, it is said, by enlisting in the U. S. Army when rumor connected one of the Jincades with counterfeit money which had been passed in the neighborhood of the ravine and an arrest of the younger Jincade followed. But possibly Jake could not pass the physical examination (it was at the time of the Civil War) or possibly he was discharged for incompetency, in any event he put in an appearance again long before the close of the Civil War.

There were seven children, the offspring of Delia Yak and Jake Chad.

Hal, the son of Jake, was feeble-minded but Lizer Anne was a degenerate. Lizer Anne did not marry Hal, for Hal was her uncle but she lived with him and bore him twelve children than whom a more miserable abjectly wretched set can scarcely be imagined. Five at least of them are feeble-minded. Three of these feeble-minded ones married and two have offspring. One, a gambler and thief has been appre-



hended for his crime and sent to the reformatory. The prevalence of sexual laxity among them is a foregone conclusion. One can scarcely call them immoral. They are quite unmoral.

Of Rob and Martha, another son and daughter of

Jake, little definite information has been available. Martha married and moved out west years ago and the family ties of these people are not strong enough to withstand the strain of distance and the lapse of years. Rob was killed some years ago in a drunken brawl, and the village folk say "his family turned out very bad" but of his children no trace remains in the neighborhood, though, Chads of the same character and mental calibre appear in the investigations of other neighborhoods not far distant.

But the record of Doble, the son of Jake, out Herods Herod in the sum of abject degeneracy among his descendants. Doble married Deborah who bore him one daughter. And Deborah's daughter lived with her half brother, Dick, who was one of Doble's eight children by a second wife. The illegitimate daughter of Deborah's daughter lived with her father's brother and bore him one child. Now Deborah was a woman of more intelligence than Doble. She left Doble and married Vide. But the daughter of Deborah and Vide married the feeble-minded son of Doble and his second wife!

Nic, a son of Sarah, who was a feeble-minded daughter of Jake, has been in state prison for burglarizing a post office with a gang from the hollow. This man who has offended against the state, against chastity, against decency and against reason, is just feeble-minded and his son is likewise feeble-minded. He has been imprisoned twice for robbery and once for indecent assault and is again at large to commit

more crimes against society! Society would not so treat a boy of his mental capacity, exacting of him the penalty for the betrayal of responsibilities which he is unable to shoulder and then thrusting him out again to undertake the same responsibilities of living but with even worse preparation, as punishment has made him vindictive and revengeful.

A brother of Lizer Anne, and grandson of Jake's who was always called "Jobey," presumably to mitigate the biblical solemnity of Job, spent seven years in state prison after he held up and almost murdered a sober homeward bound farmer at a lonely spot in the road. Jobey asked for a lift and was accommodated by the farmer who invited him to a seat beside him. But Jobey preferred the wagon box as he was going but a short distance and there was a convenient spade there on the grain sacks. By some lucky chance Jobey's blow from the rear didn't kill the farmer and Jobey was apprehended at his own home with the money, by means of the farmer's half delirious babbling of a man in a gray cap, and Jobey's gray cap was a familiar feature. Jobey passed in the neighborhood for a desperate character but the story doesn't say whether he was brought up on the lurid tales of the Jesse James gang; though the gang is said to have had a rendezvous in a cave in the hollow. A cave, it was, which fairly cried out for a robber gang to infest it. Its chief entrance is in an open field where a lookout could descry a man as far as he could see him with never so much as a

stone to cover his approach; its other secret entrance, and exit when trouble threatened is, nobody knows just where, in the wooded defiles of the ravine. The villagers point it out to you with a mingled sense of historic pride. But whether Jesse James haunted it or not it is no myth that the inhabitants of the ravine found it a very convenient means of effecting a quick disappearance when the sheriff became too curious.

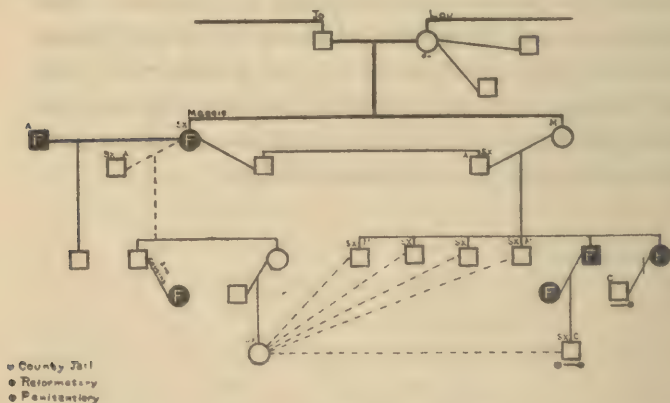
Two of the Chads, a son and daughter of Ezra, the son of Jake, rose conspicuously above the family level by affiliating their interests with the church. The son became an adventist minister and the daughter married a man of the same persuasion. The other sons and daughters of Ezra were not vicious nor were they given over to bad practices of any sort, living for the most part in farming communities where they followed their occupations without conspicuous success or conspicuous failure.

DESCENDANTS OF JO YAK AND LOU CHAD

JO Yak also married a Chad. Lou is variously described as "the meanest woman that ever breathed," "the devil's granddaughter" and other titles which bear eloquent testimony to her evidently ungentle character. Poor old Jo met his end by drowning while he was crossing the lake in a row boat in company with his wife, Lou. Lou was one

Chart VII

Descendants of Jo Yak and Lou Chad



of the many daughters of Old Jake. She was indeed her father's own daughter. Lou wanted another man and it is supposed she took this convenient way of disposing of husband number one.

The two daughters of Jo and Lou have lived in

the ravine and their children and their children's children. In them the vicious practices of the Chads are continued without alleviation. The elder, Maggie, is a feeble-minded woman of the moron type. Maggie has outlived two husbands and is now sojourning with her third, to whom her former husband sold her for a shotgun. Maggie's stupid granddaughter was the passive victim of the vicious practices of her five cousins, sons of Maggie's younger sister. These five sons live with their mother in a miserable little shack in the woods near the ravine. The mother and sons all occupy the same bed room, sleeping on filthy rags on the floor. Their dull cousin had come to help with the so-called "housework" of the shack. The son of one of the men paid the jail penalty for the vicious conduct of the five.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE GLADES

MAKING your precarious way down the steep sides of the ravine, expecting momentarily to meet destruction around the next turn in the road, you find yourself shortly in the very heart of the hollow. The few widely scattered shacks evince few signs of life. Occasionally a ragged child stands staring to watch you pass and sometimes a slattern woman watches you listlessly from the doorway of her home or some curious one shows a very lively interest in your course as you drive on along the river deeper into the heart of the ravine. At length you arrive at the crossroads. The right fork, which you follow leads you into one of the thickly wooded gullies that join the hollow. Deeper and deeper you penetrate into its wooded fastnesses. There are no more huts, no ragged children or barking cur dogs. You reach a footpath through the woods. Here you must leave your team and pick your way along the little used path which leads you finally into a ravine beyond, which is so shut in by dense woods and hills as to be inaccessible except by the way you have come.

In this ravine, where the sun shines only four hours in the middle of the day, lived the Glades. Their home was a deserted log hut whose unchinked crevices allowed the winter winds clear sweep, and

bitter cold it was when a Minnesota blizzard howled down the gulch. Later they were found living in a dugout in the hillside, the entrance boarded loosely and the doorway hung with old carpet.

An infrequent winter visit of a neighbor revealed the children bare-foot in mid-winter clothed in a single calico garment. Summer solved for them the problem of clothes; the dress was kept for whatever school attendance was compelled and for the rest, they went naked. On the rare occasion when a stranger put in an appearance, the children wild as hares, ran for cover. On one such occasion the place seemed quite deserted when presently a shock of sunburnt hair popped curiously from behind the door of the shed. The stranger was persuasive and lured by sweet meats, shortly a small brown body appeared clad in a hastily donned gunny sack.

The parent Glades were a "do-less" pair. The father was as little inclined to provide for his offspring as the mother was to utilize what was provided. On one occasion the clothes, which had been furnished and made by some charitably inclined woman from the town in the vicinity, were found, rain soaked and muddy, back of the cabin where the mother had thrown them rather than wash them. Serenus Glade, the father, spent most of his active time "shanging." The people of the ravine pride themselves, and it is their only known source of pride, on their knowledge of herbs. This knowledge of herbs was presumably acquired from the Indians,

with whom some of the dwellers in the hollow inter-married. "Shanging" in native parlance, means gathering ginseng which they brew for remedies. But Serenus was not over-ambitious even about "shanging" as most of his time was taken up with smoking; seated on the overturned soap box by the back door of the cabin, it was his steadiest occupation. Any money that came into his hands, Serenus invested in alcoholic beverages for his health. There is a court record, in proof of the contention that he worked for a living, that he once helped a man husk corn for two days.

Delilah the wife, is a daughter of the Cams of the ravine, a woman of excitable temper, loves her bottle, and when over excited and nervous is subject to mild epileptic attacks which the children call "throwing a fit when she gets mad."

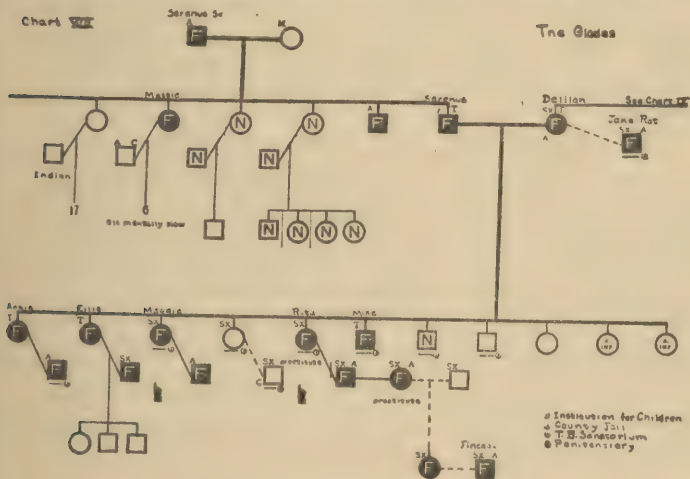
The eleven children born of this union are all living except the two youngest who died before they had had time to become acclimated to the life of cold, starvation, and blows upon which the others seemed to thrive. With the exception of one all of these children have functioned as feeble-minded.¹

1. This is one of the very few instances where we have found an apparently normal individual the offspring of feeble-minded parents. The boy in question gives every evidence of normal mental ability, his school record is excellent, his social reactions normal and his traits seem to be abnormal in no respect. Since the sexual morality of the mother is very much open to question the reputed father may not be the real father. The mother is now living in open adultery with a feeble-minded man and it is not improbable that the father of the normal boy was a normal man.



THE RUINS OF THE OLD LOG CABIN THAT SHELTERED THE
HOUSEHOLD OF THE GLADES

The eldest daughter, Eilie, feeble-minded and tuberculous, married an "herb doctor." Eilie and her husband are both morons and the "professional" character of the husband's occupation, selling herbs to the ingenuous natives of the hollow, lends an air of condescension to Eilie's social intercourse with her



relatives of inferior social strata. There are three children not yet of school age—the “potentially feeble-minded” of Goddard.

Annie Glade married a typical scion of the Chad family. He has always been able to make a sort

The other instance (occurring on Chart IX) is that of a normal man the son of feeble-minded parents. In this case the individual in question is a man of fifty who owns a store and has made a decent living for his wife and ten children all of whom are of average mentality. The evidence for the feeble-mindedness of the parents of this man seems indisputable. The mother was, in this case also, however, notoriously immoral.

of a living for himself and his feeble-minded wife working under direction as a farm hand. And, as he is a dull rather faithful worker he has never been a troublesome member of society except once when he tried to steal oats and was attacked by a woman with a pitchfork. There are no children.

Mike has, until recently, been working as a farm helper. Mike, also of weak mentality, did not marry. He, too, is tuberculous and is now in a county sanatorium.

Five younger children, when the home was broken up, were committed to an institution whence, two of them were later transferred to the Minnesota institution for the feeble-minded. These two feeble-minded sisters, Rita and Maggie both pretty girls of the moron type, were taken, against the urgent protest of the superintendent, from the institution by a well-meaning relative, sponsored by a minister who promised to be responsible for them. The extent of that responsibility may be judged from the results.

Rita is married. Her husband is Bill Hemp, the feeble-minded son of Hank Hemp and a feeble-minded woman. Hank was feeble-minded. He and the woman cared for nothing except something to eat and a place to loaf. Bill has a feeble-minded twin brother also married. Bill's former wife was a feeble-minded prostitute, who, while living with Bill gave birth to a feeble-minded daughter who doesn't belong to Bill. This feeble-minded daughter is now living with the son of old Rob Jincade the counter-

feiter of the ravine, a worthless degenerate wretch. Bill has a feeble-minded uncle whose wife died at the poor farm of the county a number of years ago. Danny a son of this man's works around for the farmers in the neighborhood of the ravine, his labor bought with the promise of "a nice woman for Danny." It is Danny's one ambition to get married but the women of the ravine won't have poor simple minded Danny. This is Bill's family, citizen of Hog Hollow. When Bill married Rita he took her home to live with his former wife and Rita "got mad and left him." She is now a prostitute.

There is Maggie. For awhile, she worked in cheap restaurants. Then she married, not however a citizen of the hollow, but a feeble-minded man like herself. On the night of her wedding there was a family celebration. The groom and his friends became so intoxicated that they were dumped unconscious on the only bed the establishment furnished and the bride and her relatives slept on the littered floor.

Another daughter of the household of Serenus and Delilah was the victim of her vicious adopted father. The man is serving a penitentiary sentence for the crime. The younger children with one exception are slow in school and show the characteristics of mental deficiency. One child of the eleven is normal in every way.

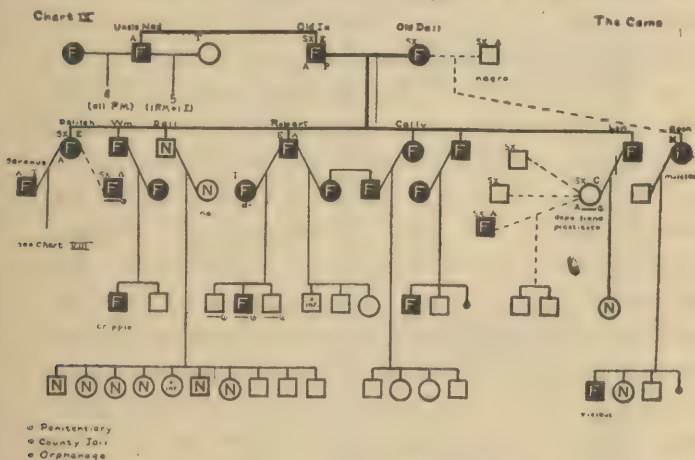
Serenus finally succumbed to tuberculosis and Delilah took up her abode with Jake Rat, the wife

and one child of the not over-ambitious Jake having deserted him for non-support. Jake and Delilah live at the expense of the parents of Jake whose father draws a small pension and on which the whole family subsists. Jake's drunkenness and disorderly conduct landed him in jail for a sojourn of from ten to thirty days, four times within a twelve-month.

The Glades have been, for the four generations of which we have knowledge, people of the ravine. Among those who have remained in the vicinity of the hollow eight are feeble-minded. The fraternity of Serenus consisted of thirteen brothers and sisters and Serenus senior was feeble-minded. The maternal progenitor of Serenus Glade and his twelve brothers and sisters is intricately related to our ravine friends the Sadhuns, the Jincades and the Yaks. They are steeped in the traditions of the hollow. A brother and one sister of Serenus are known to have been feeble-minded, the brother lives alone in a miserable little shack in the hollow made of sheet iron and boards. This brother is an insatiable drinker. His poverty is his greatest blessing as he cannot always command the price of a drink. The feeble-minded sister, Mattie, married a shiftless brother of Jobey and Lizer Anne. Their children are all mentally slow. One sister, however, is a bright capable woman; her home is comfortably furnished and well kept; her husband is a successful farmer; and her children are normal attractive youngsters. Another sister married a full-blooded Indian and bore him

seventeen children. One other of normal mentality married a man of the hollow also normal, a man who owns a small farm in the ravine. The son is rather erratic but a fairly industrious fellow, a carpenter by trade. The others are average people.

The Cams were the ancestors of our Glade household on the maternal side. Delilah, originally wife of Serenus and later consort of Jake Rat mother of



children for the most part feeble-minded, was one of nine children. Of these seven were feeble-minded, the offspring of an epileptic, feeble-minded father and an immoral mother. These children are the following:

1. Cally Cam is a slovenly woman whose home bears witness to her total unfitness for the responsibilities of parenthood. When she married she moved away from the ravine but her paternal home in the

hollow was not dirtier or more carelessly kept than her own in a city removed by the width of the state from her old environment. The husband is not so incompetent as his feeble-minded wife but he is not a man of normal mental ability. The visits of the school nurse to this home reveal the futility of the feeble-minded mother in coping with her responsibilities. A six year old child with a severe cold was barefoot in mid winter because his mother "can't make him wear shoes when he doesn't want to."

2. The children of Robert Cam and his feeble-minded wife were taken from them and placed in orphanages. Dick proved to be feeble-minded, one boy has been lost track of and a third was brought before the court for neglect and ill treatment. He was found to be covered with sores. His testimony was eloquent of the neglect of his step-mother. "My aunt Cally gave me a bath last fourth of July and dad gave me one when school began, and I guess I ain't had any since." The step-mother too is feeble-minded, and now there are two children born to her.

3. Dell Cam by a woman of average mentality had ten children who are mentally "up to par."

4. Another brother, William, just manages to eke out a miserable existence on a little farm in the ravine. His wife is feeble-minded of feeble-minded stock and he has an imbecile child who is crippled.

5. Lon and his fourteen year old wife used to live in the ravine, but poor feeble-minded Lon could not



THE HOME OF BECK, THE MULATTO

long satisfy the lurid fancy of his wife and she went to live with another gentleman friend of hers. After three years she moved again. Then she became a professional prostitute and later was arrested and convicted for burglary.

6. Beck, the last sister with whom our story deals, was a mulatto. Her father was "Nigger Ned" who used to hang around the ravine. Beck's husband is Al Harder, a worthless cruel brute. Her children show their negro heritage. The oldest boy is an imbecile with very vicious tendencies. He will steal whenever the opportunity offers, carries a revolver to school and threatens the teacher and will draw a knife like a flash in a quarrel. The little girl is a normal child and exhibits none of the vicious tendencies of her brother and the other boy is an average child.

The maternal grandparents of the household of the Glades continue the same dull tale. Old Ik, the father of Delilah, was feeble-minded and an epileptic. So, too, was old Dell her mother. Old Dell had a passion for jewelry and whenever her husband's pension came she would invest it in tawdry laces and cheap jewelry. Ik had a brother, "Uncle Ned" everybody called him. Uncle Ned was a benevolent old soul whose idea of bliss was a pipe and a bottle and no work to do for eons and eons. Uncle Ned had tried two matrimonial ventures. Mary, the first wife, was a normal woman so far as we can learn. She died of tuberculosis after having given birth to five children. Then Uncle Ned took unto himself

another wife, this time however his helpmate was a feeble-minded woman of his own stamp. The four children of his second wife were all feeble-minded. Of the five children of the first wife only one was feeble-minded and one insane. Ry, the eldest was a gambler. He was very ugly and neglected and abused his wife, later he became insane. His wife was a bright woman and his daughter became a school teacher. Len was a great drunkard, married a feeble-minded woman, the illegitimate child of nameless parents. Len deserted her for her fairer cousin who ran away from some other man to join Len. Two of the children were epileptics also a grandchild. Two daughters of Uncle Ned had normal children and a feeble-minded daughter had two feeble-minded children. The three sons and one daughter of Maria Bride, Uncle Ned's second wife, are all feeble-minded and three of the six surviving grandchildren are likewise feeble-minded.

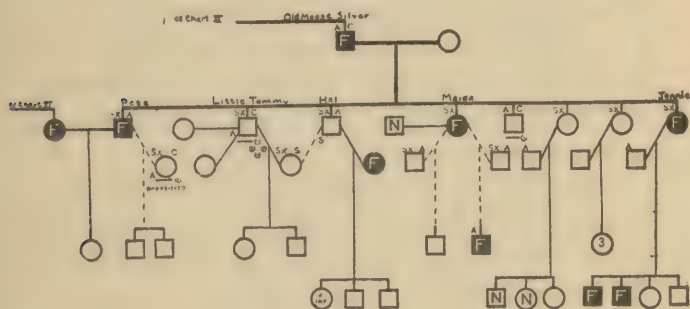
Is it to be wondered at that the household of the Glades are dwellers in the Vale of Siddem?

LITTLE TOMMY

LITTLE TOMMY is the son of Old Moose Silver, the half-breed, and is known to fame as the desperado of the hollow. In the very heart of the hollow on one side the river, on the other the sheer wall of the ravine, lives old Moose Silver in the little

Chart X

Moose Silver



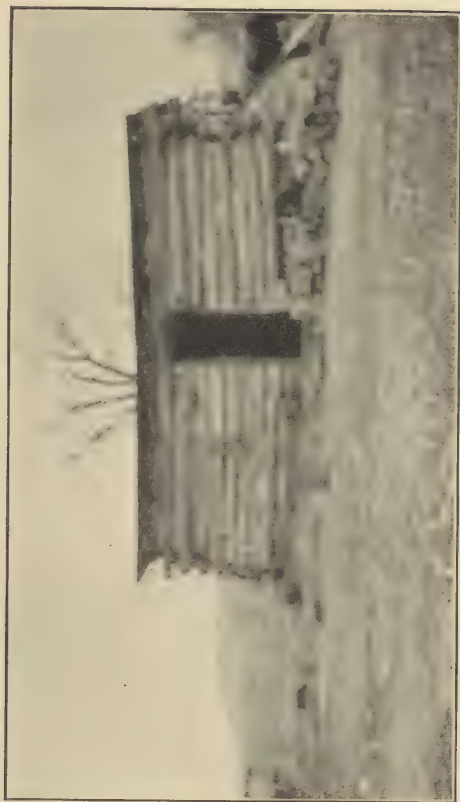
- o Penitentiary
- o Missouri State Prison
- o Kansas
- o Iowa

one room log cabin where Little Tommy and his seven brothers and sisters were born and raised, or rather allowed to come up.

Surrounded by his children who have built little shacks in or near the ravine, old Moose lives now as he has lived for fifty years drinking when he can get anything to drink—and whiskey always maddens the old man—stealing wood, grain and chickens from

the more prosperous farms in the neighborhood and enlivening the monotony of existence by disputes with his sons and daughters which frequently take the form of physical violence. Father, one son, the son's wife and a troop of ragged children journeyed into the village in their old ramshackle wagon one day and we arrived simultaneously at the door of the sheriff, Pete with a black eye and a pocket full of hair which had been extracted the night before in an argument with his brother and Pete's wife. Later I saw Pete's wife a dejected sodden creature with a bedraggled child hanging on her skirts, waiting for old Moose and Pete who were fortifying themselves at the corner saloon.

Moose Silver is a picturesque old fellow, his grizzled hair straight and harsh, his large nose and high cheek bones bear testimony to his Indian origin. Moose never could stick at a job. He hired out to the farmers in the vicinity but was a firm believer in conserving his energies when the farmer's back was turned. He has always lived in abject poverty and when not intoxicated is rather stupid and sluggish. Moose combines the worst elements in both races, the cruelty and vindictiveness of the Indian with the vice and degeneracy of the white man. Moreover, he is mentally deficient. Years ago he had a violent quarrel with his brother-in-law. The day after the quarrel, the brother-in-law, forgetting all about their differences, went hunting with Moose. The brother-in-law never came back. When later the body of



OLD MOOSE SILVER'S CABIN

the brother-in-law was found with a bullet hole through the back and Moose was accused of shooting him, he stoutly affirmed it was an accident and pretended to go insane through grief. He was tried but was not convicted.

But none was so daring and none so clever as Little Tommy. He has served prison sentences in Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Minnesota. Three times has he been convicted of larceny and once of bigamy. Of the eighteen years Little Tommy was out of the state, he served twelve years in some prison or other. Little Tommy is not more immoral than the rest but he did things on a more daring scale. Instead of chicken thieving, he indulged in horse stealing; instead of one wife at a time he had three; instead of county jail and work house sentences he served his terms in the penitentiary. With the sheriff on the watch for him and several indictments hanging over his head, Little Tommy frequently returns to the hollow and the utmost vigilance fails to trap him now. Night after night the sheriff has watched for him driving from a town lower down the river and after night-fall, hitching his horse in the woods, watched the mouth of the ravine for Little Tommy to slip down the river. He has sometimes been hiding for weeks in the caves of the hollow and then has mysteriously dropped out of existence. Once in the sheriff's absence, he made his escape from the county jail by throwing a lamp at the head of the sheriff's wife when she came to give him his supper, and choking her

into insensibility, fled. They are all a little proud of Little Tommy and more than a little afraid of him.

Little Tommy has not been seen around the hollow for a number of years, and the people of the ravine say that he and Dut Jincade are bold, bad "hold-up men out west." They were, indeed, implicated in a train robbery in Montana but they somehow escaped conviction. The memory of Little Tommy's exploits is still rife in the minds of the people of the hollow.

With the exception of Jerry all of the rest of the sons and daughters of old Moose, have remained in the ravine. Jerry went out west and has not been heard from for many years.

Hal Silver married a descendant of the Sadhuns, a feeble-minded woman. Their home is in the ravine. Hal drinks and carouses with the rest of the family. He and Pete and old Moose are the cronies of the Jincades and the Chads, though the Silvers are the most quarrelsome and frequently "fall out with" all their friends.

Jennie Silver, sister of Little Tommy, a woman of the moron type, and her quarrelsome spouse live in the vicinity of the hollow. Jennie is very lax in her morals and her husband is a drunkard. Jennie's husband's mother was a half-sister of Jennie's father.

Maida Silver married a normal man but not until she had already given birth to two children whose fathers were men of the hollow. One child, a feeble-minded boy, belonged to one of the younger Sad-

huns, the other who is on the borderline between feeble-mindedness and normality belongs to a man intermarried with the family. Maida is a moron herself and one of her children, by her husband, is a boy whose vicious tendencies are already apparent and he is now only a school boy. The little girl of this union is a normal child.

The other two sisters "went wrong" when young but have since "married and settled down." The husbands are both men of the ravine. One family has remained in the vicinity of the ravine and has done fairly well. The farm is ordinarily prosperous, the children are in school and are doing average work. The other family has left the neighborhood.

Little Tommy's brother, Pete, lives about a stone's throw from the cabin of old Moose in a little tumble-down shack, poor shelter for cattle. Pete it was, who won the affections of the fifteen year old wife of Lon Cam. She left Pete with two children and then Pete married his feeble-minded cousin, Mamie Rat, daughter of Muskrat Charlie and niece of Jake Rat whose consort was Delilah of the Household of the Glades. Pete is feeble-minded.

The family of Pete's wife can almost equal Pete's in point of social inefficiency. In a fraternity of nine of whom Mamie's father was one, the three living brothers are all feeble-minded. Mamie's paternal grandmother was a twin sister of Moose Silver. And Mamie's father was Muskrat Charlie, her mother Lizzie Redky whose ancestors came to the hollow in



THE HOME OF THE RATS

died shortly after birth and the rest are feeble-minded. Two of the older girls are married and established in other households of that ilk.

Little Tommy and his family are the kind of citizens that the stock and the conditions of the Vale of Siddem produce. They combine all the vice and the only virtue—if a rather picturesque indigence can be called a virtue—of the ravine dwellers.

THE COUNTERFEITERS

ABOUT twenty years ago counterfeit money began to be circulated in the vicinity of the ravine. Suspicion at once fastened on the dwellers in the Vale of Siddem and, shortly, arrests followed. Three brothers were suspected. The Jincades, Rob, Dut and Lem, were a rough set, brawlers, hard drinkers and as untrustworthy as any in the hollow. Rumor connects them with almost every disorderly occurrence in the neighborhood.

Rob Jincade was a giant of a man and as quarrelsome as a cross grizzly. His voice rumbled along like the thunder which so often reverberated through the little winding valleys of the ravine. Technically he kept a general store in the hollow but the energies of Rob were not by any means confined to store-keeping, even though store-keeping in the hollow was not the easy-going country store variety with its cracker-box philosophers and its wood-stove politicians. Indeed any certified resident of the hollow knew that Rob's "back-room" was a short cut to the saloon just beyond in the village. Raw alcohol and corn whiskey, the popular beverages of the hollow, were kept for the convenience of his customers and friends. Once Rob and one of his "pals" "filled up" a sixteen year old boy with alcohol. Thinking the unconscious boy was dead, Rob and his cronies carried him out

into a field and buried him under a hay stack. Fortunately they were seen by a farmer out looking for his cattle, the boy was pulled out and resuscitated but Rob escaped punishment.

Yet sometimes justice is swift in the hollow. Rob was caught stealing flour in the house of neighbor Chad. Rob was arrested and brought before the county court on the charge. But with fine contempt for our clumsy methods of meting out justice the accuser sent his wife, while his trial was in progress, to retaliate by stealing corn from Rob.

In Rob's old store were carried out the counterfeiting schemes of the Jincades. Neither Rob nor his brother was clever enough to escape detection, but somehow or other, whether through his colossal stupidity or through the fear that his brawling manners seemed to inspire, Rob always escaped and only Dut was convicted and served a term in the penitentiary for the crime. Rob lived and died in the ravine and Dut, after having served his penitentiary sentence, went farther west and has accumulated property.

There were eight of the Jincades originally, two sisters and six brothers. Since Rob's death almost a year ago, only two are left in the ravine. Lem manages to make a living at farming his little strip of ravine land. His wife, a Sadhun of the Sadhun tribe who originally settled the ravine, and four remaining offspring constitute the household of Lem. Lem himself is very alcoholic and his sons are like

their father but the daughter is a bright capable girl. Lem is the most desirable member of the family. Emmy, the other Jincade remaining in the hollow has always been regarded by the other members of her family as "rather simple" but it does not appear that she is feeble-minded. Emmy's husband is "the Squire." Two of Emmy's daughters have married and done well; one remained in the neighborhood of the hollow but moved out of the valley itself. Another daughter was driven out of the town to which she had moved after her marriage, for disorderly conduct and has returned to her parents. The son's wife, another Sadhun woman, and daughter are prostitutes, and the son himself is a good for nothing fellow who cannot be trusted in any way.

It is regrettable that we have no means of knowing what sort of people the other members of the Jincade fraternity have become in their new environment.

Rob appears to have been a feeble-minded man. His large frame and blustering ways,—he had the strength of an ox,—were yoked with the judgment of an immature boy. He was twice married. The first wife was divorced and had dropped out of existence before the story began for us. No one has been found who could bear accurate testimony as to her mental status. There were two sons. One was an idiot and suffered from epilepsy. His limbs were paralyzed and he walked with his hands dragging the helpless body. He was an inmate of our institution.

The other son is a degenerate wretch. Rob's second wife was a feeble-minded woman who had a feeble-minded son by a former husband when she married Rob. The second wife has a feeble-minded sister who is the mother of another child in our institution.

And there is Dut. He was a horse thief when he lived in the hollow. Rumor connects him with the murder of an old man of the hollow but no proof could be found sufficient to convict him. Yet his old neighbor, now that Dut has left the country, "knows he did it." Dut has a wife and several children and since he has completed his term in the penitentiary for the counterfeiting, he has left the state and become well-to-do. Dut unlike his brother, Rob, is a shrewd scoundrel but for all that was not so fortunate in escaping the consequences of his misdeeds.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

“**T**HE Hollow? Well I should think I did know those people. Bark eaters, we used to call them and the timber rats!” The Doctor’s professional air vanished as he dropped into his office chair and leaning back, grinned reminiscently.

“I was a kid just out of college then. Happened to go into practice in the village of N—— about five miles from the hollow, and used to go down there to sew up their cuts. Many a time I’ve been down there in the night. They used to have their rows and cut each other up. They’d meet me with a lantern and conduct me through the woods and when I was through escort me back to the roadway. But just let me tell you once I nearly got caught.”

The Doctor had forgotten all about his long line of waiting patients and was again revelling in the boy’s spirit of adventure.

“One night I was returning from a long drive to see a patient some miles beyond the ravine. It was very cold, the snow was drifted deep in the hollows but it was late and we had driven about forty miles that day and the road through the ravine made the journey back to the village several miles shorter than going around by the prairie. We decided to take it. My driver was cold and the horses tired out after their long day’s trip. I slipped my revolver into one of the fur mittens that I wore.

"Everything was quiet in the hollow. The occasional shacks looked lifeless and only the trees and clumps of dead underbrush cast weird shadows across the snow in the moonlight. We had passed the Gold Diggings and Smoky Row when suddenly from a road joining the ravine we were hailed by a couple of men driving the inevitable jaded old horse and familiar tumble down box on runners which was the winter conveyance of the timber rat.

" 'That you Doc?' One of the men called. 'Woman awful sick up here at the forks, we were goin' in to get yuh.'

" 'It's Doc all right' I assured them, 'but I'm not going up to the forks tonight for any sick woman. My horses are tired and I've driven forty miles today. Not on your life am I going to the forks tonight.'

" 'But the woman was 'suffering terrible' they insisted and maybe wouldn't live till morning. They would take me with their own horse and bring me clear into town so my horses needn't make the trip.

" 'Well—I went. Climbed into their old junk boat and started up the steep narrow gulch that leads to the forks. I didn't like the looks of things; the men were surly and kept muttering together in undertones. I took care to keep behind the fellows who were seated on a board laid crosswise on the box for a driver's seat. They had been drinking just enough to make them ugly.

" 'Afraid? Hum, not of those rats. I used to be

something of an athlete in college and—well I wasn't afraid."

And I could well believe he was not afraid. A man of about forty, he is now, cleancut and vigorous, with a closely knit frame, clear gray eyes and a firm mouth and chin. No, the Doctor was not a man to fear timber rats.

"They were not intending that I should go back to the village. They stopped at a narrow point in the trail but drove on again at my sharp command. Finally we reached the cabin. It was a God-forsaken spot where the gully forks, one branch ending in a sharp inaccessible wall, the other winding out toward the prairie. It was then about midnight. The cabin was a story and a half shack built partly into the hill and surrounded by gaunt trees.

"I entered. The shack was the scene of a brawling swearing crowd, about a dozen of them, I should say, drinking and gambling in the flare of two or three smoky lanterns hung from the grimy beams. The sick woman was in the loft above as her occasional moans directed. I scaled the ladder nailed against the side wall of the shack with one hand on my revolver and my back to the ladder. After tending the woman I descended in the same way. Then the fun began. They had no idea of taking me back. In fact, they assured me, they had only brought me out there to kill me. You see, I knew too much about them and besides they owed me a good many

bad bills. Well, I backed into a corner and invited them to come on.

"Afraid of that crew? I should say not. They are abject cowards every one of them. There is a yellow streak in all of them. Some of the bunch I knew, Old Rob Jincade and one of the Sadhuns. Young Jim Silver was among them and Muskrat Charlie. They're all sneaks and don't dare attack a man except from the rear.

"Remember Jobey? He was one of the Chad tribe who robbed and almost killed a farmer as he was driving home after selling his grain. But Little Tommy—he was the son of old Moose Silver, the half-breed—was the only real desperado of the hollow. The rest are a lot of defectives and degenerates. Those people didn't know the meaning of morality. They lived with each other's wives and stole anything they could lay their hands on. Did you ever hear about that fellow one of the Chads, I think, who traded his wife for a shot gun? He said 'the other fellow would a got her anyhow' and he was a shot gun ahead. I don't think you could find another section in the country to compare with that.

"Did I get home that night? You bet, I did. They hitched up their old raw bones and landed me safe in town before daylight!"

THE COST

IT would be well nigh impossible to estimate how much these dwellers in the Vale of Siddem have cost the commonwealth in toll of human misery. Moral obliquity, pauperism and vice, and the deadening social burden of deficiency and dementia have been their chief contribution to the life of the times and to posterity.

Of the sixteen hundred individuals who have been charted as inhabitants of the hollow or their descendants in other parts of the state, sixteen per cent. have been mental variants, epileptic, insane, or feeble-minded. Moreover these sixteen hundred individuals include only people of American ancestry. This is particularly striking as it indicates their family solidarity in a part of the state where the population is to a certain extent made up of foreign elements.

The ethical standards of this group are such that one can scarcely measure their behavior in terms of ordinary social values. One hundred and twenty-five have been classified as sexually immoral. This includes only prostitutes and those whose illicit relationships were flagrant. The fifteen classified as criminals have, for the most part, been guilty of some felony. Misdemeanors, for which the offender received only a jail sentence or which more often

passed unnoticed, have not been included. The arrests of ravine inhabitants recorded in the court house of the county between 1895 and 1917 are for the following offenses:

Larceny, 35%	Arson, 6%
Rape, 33%	Forgery, 3%
Assault and battery, 20%	Drunkenness, 3%

It is a significant commentary on our social order that it is the offenses against property which are prosecuted though the actual occurrence of such crimes is less frequent than offenses against persons. Arson is a crime very infrequently committed as also forgery, the latter probably because of the inferior mental status of the group in general, but that only three per cent. of the arrests are for drunkenness indicates that the condition is so common as to escape drastic action. One hundred and thirty-four of the inhabitants are classified as habitual alcoholics and by "alcoholic" we mean not the occasional drinker but an individual who drinks habitually and to excess. This region has been represented in the institution by ten inmates; the number is now only six; three having been withdrawn from the institution and the fourth died. That means that in this one section out of 199 individuals known to be mentally defective only about five per cent. have been cared for in the institution for the feeble-minded or by any sort of supervision or guardianship!

That our present methods of treating this problem of mental deficiency are costly and ineffective is scarcely open to argument in view of the facts which our studies lay bare. The "liberty to act as they please without check or hindrance, in so far as they do not violate the criminal laws," is liberty only in name. The Mental Deficiency Act of 1913 adds, "The liberty of the subject does not consist in allowing persons who are not responsible nor accountable for their actions to commit crime, to drift into intemperance and immorality, to be cruelly treated or neglected or to injure the community by reason of their uncontrolled reproduction of their type, but rather by an organization that is humane and adaptable to mould their lives and conduct so as to secure for them the maximum of comfort and happiness conformable with social order"—

The classification of the dwellers in the Vale of Siddem is as follows:

Normal	156	Paralyzed	12
Feeble-minded	199	Migrainous	24
Epileptic	15	Nervous	96
Insane	34	Miscarriages	17
Sexually immoral	125	Died in infancy	87
Criminalistic	15	Died young	27
Alcoholic	134	Unclassified	892
Tuberculous	47		
		Total	1619

The classifications frequently overlap; the same individual may be classified at the same time under

several headings as for instance feeble-minded, sexually immoral and alcoholic. Nor does it necessarily mean that we have no information about the individual if he is listed as unclassified. In many cases the symbol has been left open when the information about the individual has left us in doubt as to whether he should be classified as normal or feeble-minded. Often we are not satisfied to mark the individual feeble-minded and yet his reactions are such that he cannot be considered normal. In all such cases where there is any doubt about the classification the case has been considered doubtful and counted among the unclassified.

And what are we going to do about it? Certainly the first step must be to find out where the mental defectives are and who they are and whence they came. Until we know the extent and proportions of our problem, we are but working in the dark, trying to fill a bottomless pit shovel-full by shovel-full.

The dwellers in the Vale of Siddem have surely been "allowed to multiply themselves to an alarming extent and in their degradation and misery to be associated with the pauper, inebriate, criminal and immoral classes." They are themselves not only the chief source of feeble-mindedness in the next generation, but as Dr. Kuhlmann says "give rise to a dull low level of intelligence in normals to whom the defect is transmitted in minor degree." When we realize that such communities as the Vale of Siddem exist not only in the older eastern states but in Minne-

sota and the younger states; when we realize that our special schools and classes care for the feeble-minded only until they reach the most dangerous age for society and then turn them out without supervision; when we recognize the fact that many of the people whom our charity organizations carry from year to year are feeble-minded; when we realize that the institutions for the feeble-minded care for about 4.5 per cent. of the total number of feeble-minded¹—then we begin to realize something of the magnitude of our problem.

1. F. Kuhlmann: Part played by the State Institutions in the Care of the Feeble-Minded. *Jour. Psycho-Asthenics*, Vol. XXI, Nos. 1, 2, 1916.

HV 3004 R724d 1919

03020490R



NLM 05020838 1

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE